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Wooden World

[wood](#) [people](#)

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I didn't mean to. I was just being me, but of course, my bully was right, I was a freak.

All I did was touch them and they turned to wood. Everyone I ever knew or loved turned into wood because of... me. My whole town. I wandered around the town looking for signs of life but all I got was lifeless wooden eyes. Everything that was ever beautiful. Gone.

Suddenly I felt a shooting pain in my leg. I lifted up my jeans and screamed. My leg was turning to wood.

I had to test something. I grabbed a sharp stick from the ground and stabbed it into my leg. It cracked the wood but I felt nothing. I collapsed to the ground and started carving... my leg. I started with my name, Astrid, and then wrote all the names of everyone in the town. When I was finished I carved a line through every one who I turned to wood.

Chapter 2 by kookaburra



*Then in the distance I see a man with an axe. He comes over and starts hacking down

I decided to jump ship and run away

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Chapter 2 by kookaburra · This chapter is unedited



But what's it for. Those wooden statues are nothing but useless memories. Everyone of them. They are wood. I shed a tear. As soon as it dropped to the ground it turned to wood.

Then I feel a sharp pain climbing my thighs. I lifted up my shirt, and I can see my stomach turning into wood. It's climbing.

I can't let this happen. I grabbed the man's axe and start chopping my stomach, piece by piece. The wood stoped climbing my body. I looked into the cracks as it shines as bright as a midnight star. I can see a light.

"Is that my soul?" I asked myself. Then, the crack start closing in. The shining star starts to dim and the wood starts to climb my body. I desperately chopped my body but it kept healing. Soon, I can see my arms turning into wood.

I fell down. The wood reached my head. I can feel my hair turning into strains of wood. Then a brownish layer covers my eyes and I can see the sky turning Brown.

I was ready to die. I waited for angel of life or death when I can hear footsteps. I tried to shift my stare but I couldn't move my eyes. Then I can see a woman.

"Is this her?" She asked. "Yes. It is her." A man replied.

"Good. Transfer her to headquarters right away." She walked away as 2 men picked my up and carried me to the helicopter.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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